

The TATLER

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Vol. CLXXX. No. 2340



Alexander Bender

Beatrice Lillie as Lady Windermere in "Better Late"

"I symbolized an age of wealth
Of luxury and gaiety,
And if my looks and pretty clothes

Enchanted every dandy,
The final touch they admired so much
Was my fan, which I always kept handy."

Beatrice Lillie returns to the West End stage in the new intimate revue, *Better Late*, with Walter Crisham, which opened at the Garrick Theatre on April 24. This unchallenged queen of revue has not been seen in London since C. B. Cochran's *Big Top* at His Majesty's, and has spent a greater part of the intervening time entertaining the forces both here and overseas



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THE world is short of bread, and has forgotten what circuses are like. Perhaps in Switzerland and Sweden and Spain, all through the last six years, the spangled trapezist has been making the audience's well-fed heart turn over, as he feigns to miscalculate his last terrible leap, high up in the roof of the great tent. But England at least has been starved of circuses. And when the chance came of going to the first post-war circus at Windsor last week, we were in a far wilder flutter than our cynical brats, for whom the outing had been arranged. But, then, they hadn't existed when circuses last happened here.



The setting was all one could have dreamed for a spring afternoon. The great tent rose from some river meadows between Windsor and Datchet, with the majestic bulk of the Castle overhanging the scene, and lending to it that atmosphere of fairy-tale most proper to the occasion. Uniforms were as red and grass as green as you could hope. The big drum clashed, the dynamos whirled, loudspeakers intoned "Ashby-de-la-Zouche," and to our nostrils rose the evocative, slightly carbolic smell of grass bruised by ten thousand feet.

The last time I sat in a circus tent was at Rouen, just before the war. I had forgotten how beautiful it could be of itself, with the strange submarine light, the nursery colours of the ring, and the red and green scaffolding which gives you the feeling of being caught in some vast lobster pot. Then the handsome horses, traditionally plumed, or divided by troops of four, under the flags of the "Big Four," were wheeling in stars and crosses before me; and I caught myself wondering whether in the circuses of the Soviet Union—or at least in the horse-fairs of Novgorod and Alma-Ata—the choicest stallions are ever decked out with Union Jacks.

THE clowns' buffooneries between this and that "sensational" turn have never really amused me, despite the majestic antiquity of their "business" which must go back at least to the Roman Saturnalia. Yet on this occasion for the first time I realized their proper value. My eldest son remained toughly indifferent to

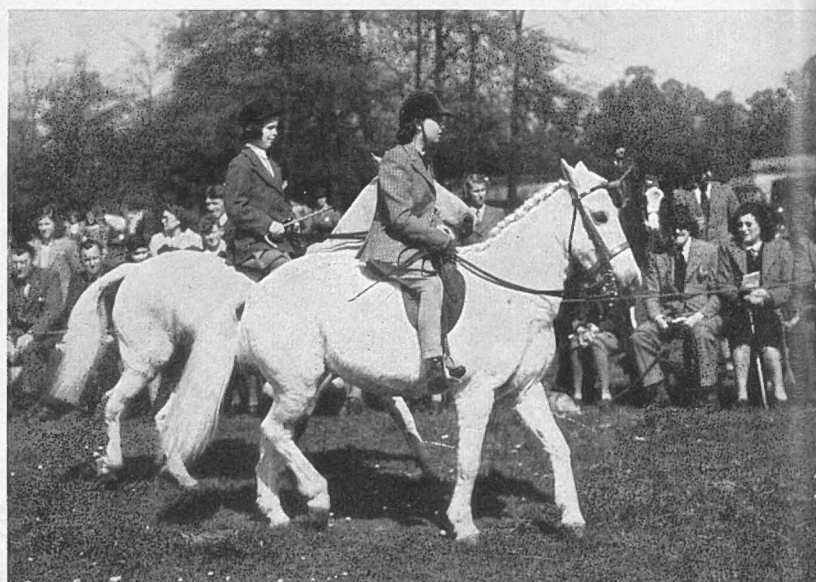


almost every display, asking only when the charming young tightrope walker or the persistent equestrienne would finish and give place to the tigers. Alas! There were no tigers, but only some talented and almost too genial lions, who roared merely as an afterthought, when they had gone dutifully through the hoop. And next morning Charles seemed to remember little of the entire affair, save the moment when a tall thin clown poured a bucket of water over a little clown's head.

I must confess to a taste for rather more spangles than this circus provided. But no doubt austerity strikes even trapeze artists.



Lady Herbert, Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent and wife of Lord Herbert, the Earl of Pembroke's son and heir, drives a smart turn-out with the Duke of Kent (centre) and her children Henry and Diana as passengers



Princess Alexandra, Daughter of the Duchess of Kent, a Keen

Princess Alexandra parading in the ring on her grey pony, in the riding ponies of twelve hands' event, ridden by children who were born in or after 1932

And perhaps by the time the company reaches Olympia, next Christmas, Sir Stafford Cripps will have softened his heart a little. Meanwhile, for my part, the most agreeable, and the most awe-inspiring memory I carry out of the tent is of six vast and gentle elephants reared up on their hind-legs, in a manner that made one think of some avenue of stone elephants standing in two-legged discomfort for a thousand years, and now almost buried by the Indo-Chinese jungle.

"Les Forains"

LATELY, there has been no escape from the world of the tent and of tumblers. There was, for instance, *Les Forains*, presented during the first week of French ballet at the Adelphi and then never seen again. It is no business of mine in this column to criticize *Les Forains*, as a work of dancing or of the theatre. That task lies in hands far more capable. But I must record the profound emotion its mood excited in me. Sauguet's music and Berard's décor seemed to me to distil all the tragedy of circus-life—a tragedy all the more monumental because it deals, not with the fatal passions of royal houses, but with the shabby, nagging sadness of the patched costume, the unpaid lodging, the cup of brackish coffee grown weak with tears. It is tragedy far more profound, because more humdrum, than, for instance, the fantastic moment of anguish in Petroushka's life. It is a sadness to which the young Picasso has opened our eyes, with those studies of despairing acrobats which he used to paint some forty years ago. (Incidentally, I was amused to hear Professor Thomas Bodkin, of the Barber Institute of Fine Arts, refuse in the Brains Trust the other day to admit—I hope I quote him aright—that Picasso had ever created a work of art. That remark is certainly in the grand tradition of British artistic criticism!)

I once found myself in the middle of this strange, sad world which Picasso has immortalized. Until that moment I had not entirely believed in its existence. But one afternoon, motoring up from the Mediterranean to Paris, we stopped for petrol and a Pernod in a little town that bears the magnificent name of Camp Romain—lying in a region so rich in aqueducts and amphitheatres, triumphal arches and "spinas," it might still be called Transalpine Gaul. As we sat at a café on the Grand Place, casually admiring a splendid triumphal



arch, we noticed three forlorn figures putting up a tattered kind of backcloth on two poles. We looked again and saw the party consisted of an elderly acrobat, his very young pupil, and a "property" man. They looked half-starved, with a classic Picassoesque boniness; and so poor their tumblers' tights, over which they wore jerseys against the mistral, boasted not a single spangle, but only patches.

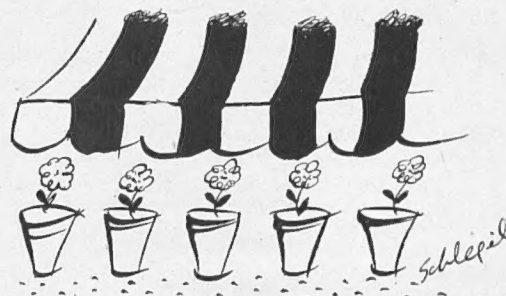
We went into the café to have dinner. When we emerged again the whole scene was transformed. A thousand stars had come out, and the triumphal arch loomed so black and imposingly vague, it might have been put up the day before yesterday by Sir Reginald Blomfield at Piccadilly Circus. We looked across the Place to where the backcloth now flapped in the night wind. At once we were carried into a world of dreams. Bright yellow against the blue of the night, a pair of naphtha flares blazed luridly; and in this world of heavy shadow and strident light, the tumblers performed their sad tricks with no other property than a broken kitchen chair. Their feats were clumsy, their quips obscure. There was, for instance, the joke about the bee, which has been used in fairs for the last two thousand years, I suppose, and always ends, for no very obvious reason, in one player squirting the other with water out of his mouth. . . . We drove on a hundred kilometres to some comfortable

hotel, with a bathroom attached to every bedroom—wondering if we had really seen the tumblers, or if it were not some vision from the time when the little town was nothing but a legion's barracks.

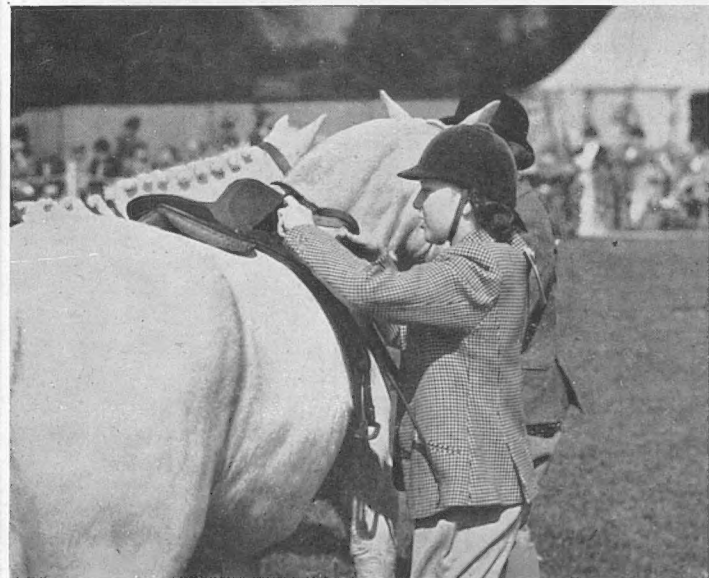
Café Society

THE other day I encountered a crony of mine from a lately occupied country, a fine flower of what used to be called "café society." Mutual friends of ours had died in the Resistance, felt finger-nails torn off, or been driven mad by repeated electric shocks. But my friend took up the conversation exactly where we had left it off in the Relai of the Plaza-Athénée, just before the last Battle of Cambrai. He had seen M. in New York. He couldn't wait to hear what I thought of her new hair-do. She had let her internationally famous tresses grow grey. And R. was having her bathroom done by Dali, with the water coming out of skulls; and had I heard about C's new house near Fontainebleau, got up to resemble, at enormous expense, the sort of shooting box affected by the closest friends of the late King Edward VII?

I was reminded of another friend of ours, a certain ambassadress who, in the darkest days of 1940, concentrated her lamentations upon one single fact—when she had been shipped through Lisbon, she had not been allowed a chance to see two venerable pillars of café society who had taken temporary refuge there; and of another diplomat's wife, one of the nicest, most unheeding people in the world



who, married to an Italian, was all through the Anglo-American capture of Rome. In the very week after that great event, she wrote to a neutral friend the following immortal phrase, which might well serve as an obituary for café society: "We have been playing a good deal of golf lately, but the greens are rather brown!"



Young Competitor at the Iver Village Children's Gymkhana

Saddling her pony for the riding event. She is an exceptionally able young rider, and has won quite a number of prizes at gymkhanas and horse shows



The Duchess of Kent watches Princess Alexandra taking part in the riding ponies event. With her are her two sons, three-year-old Prince Michael and the Duke of Kent, who will be eleven years old in October



JAMES AGATE AT THE PICTURES

A Personal Explanation May Help

How would our intellectuals film the last scene in Shakespeare's *Othello*? Would they show the Moor drawn up to his full height and instructing Lodovico to describe him as one that loved not wisely but too well, one not easily jealous, one who threw a pearl away, and finally, one who in Aleppo took a Turk by the throat and slit it for him? No, I imagine that this is not the way they would want, say, Fritz Lang to do it. My impression is that all we should be allowed to see and hear would be Othello's tears dropping as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum.

THE highest browed of them all—bless her innocent heart—has been telling us what to admire in Lang's directing of *You Only Live Once*, now revived at the London Pavilion. She writes:

The mounting pace of the prison break, with Henry Fonda's set face turned towards the warder and his hands struggling secretly to twist the tin mug, and the blood-drops falling on the floor of the cell at last to show that a vein has been cut in those hands with that mug—again and again we find in this film what can only be described as camera style, the use of the pictorial image, singly and in combination, to narrate with the maximum of emotional impact.

Very well. The blood-drops on the floor establish that Fonda has cut his wrist. So my pool of tears would establish that Othello is crying. I suppose it is because I am an ordinary film-goer who keeps his wits about him that my interest starts where your high-brow's interest ends. For what reason does Fonda want to cut his wrist? To get the execution delayed and himself shut up in the isolation ward where he can unsew the mattress and find a revolver that somebody has hidden there for him. How does he know all this? Because a sympathetic warder had written it on a note slipped under his mug of cocoa. This is where I begin to ask questions. Is it the habit of warders in American jails to help prisoners to escape? Who put the revolver in the mattress? This old film is supposed to be an indictment of American society. In my commonplace view an ex-convict who gets a job as a truck-driver and is an hour and a half late on his first assignment through necking with his wife in the garden is just asking for the sack. Galsworthy would have made the young man a model of recovered diligence and then have him discharged by a nasty employer who has discovered his past. There are other questions I should like to ask. How come American truck-drivers to have homes which would be a credit to Wimbledon, and wives who could dine at any fashionable London grill-room without arousing comment except on the score of their superior manners? The answer is that Hollywood is too much taken up with its beglamoured sluts to have any use

for realistic slatterns. I should like to see this film re-made in France with Jean Gabin as the hero, any brilliant French actress as the commonplace little wife, and a director who knew the exact quarter of Paris to set the film in.

Ziegfeld Follies (Empire) begins with a piece of vulgarity so colossal that one can only gasp. An immense arch emerges mysteriously from Time and Space and is thrown on to the screen. This bears the name "Shakespeare." Aeons and clouds roll by, and then a second arch appears bearing the name "Barnum." More aeons and clouds, and finally an arch with the name—"Ziegfeld." Next we see Mr. Ziegfeld in heaven plotting his revue for 1946. By which time the audience's breath has been so completely taken away that it is ready for anything. In my view it doesn't get very much.

I THINK at this point a personal explanation may help. Hazlitt had some doubts about the greatness of Lord Nelson, because he argued that before a man could be great the thing at which he is engaged must permit of greatness. A man at the top of his profession could not be considered a great man if that profession was designing women's frocks or inventing new hair styles. And then comes this sentence: "Lord Nelson was a great naval commander; but for myself, I have not much opinion of a sea-faring life." I have no opinion at all of ballroom-dancing. When Fred Astaire takes the stage I think of something else and wait till it is over. Our highest-browed film-critic said on the air the other day that in twenty years' time she would doubtless be writing about Fred "as Mr. Agate writes about Sarah." Our dear Dilys would have been nearer the point if she had substituted Eugene Stratton for Sarah. Even then I should not compare Fred with Gene, for the reason that, in my opinion, Gene was a ten times better artist and that some of his songs will live for ever. Whereas three weeks is surely enough for that dreadful ditty about that heart of Fred's which, he says, will get him out of bed one morning singing overtures? He has one dance, with a Miss Lucille Bremer, the setting for which is divided between Chinatown and the next world. The subject is a woman's fan, and as the whole thing is pretentious, incomprehensible, unending and frantically dull, I recommend it to balletomanes with my love.

THERE is an alleged comic song by Virginia O'Brien. This is so pointless that even the horse on which she is sitting looks bored. There is a young woman called Esther Williams who can hold her breath under water for a surprisingly long time, always presuming that

she is under water. There are alleged comic sketches in which Victor Moore, Edward Arnold, Keenan Wynn and Red Skelton appear at their unfunniest.

AND then there's Judy Garland in a sketch in which she is supposed to be burlesquing herself as a film star. My trouble here is that Miss Garland acting and Miss Garland burlesquing seem to me to be the same thing. If only for the reason that she has no power of facial expression. And surely it was extraordinarily ill-advised for her to ask some forty newspaper men what Ginger Rogers and Betty Grable have that she hasn't? Perhaps she knew that she was on safe ground, and that none of them would give her the correct answers—more talent in the first case, and better legs in the second.

AND now I take back all the above. I declare *Ziegfeld Follies* to be the best, choicest, wittiest, inventivest, gracefulest, expensivest show ever put on by anybody anywhere. As for Fred, as for the dancer with the pathetic eyes and twinkling feet, I imagine there was not a young woman in the audience who was not saying:

Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Frederick, and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars. . . .

I agree. A little star is exactly in my opinion what Astaire is. And I feel that I should have Hazlitt with me.



"Yes, it's not bad"



Veronica Lake in "The Blue Dahlia"

Veronica Lake has reverted once again to the hair-style which made her famous in *The Blue Dahlia*, which is now showing at the Plaza. She plays Joyce Harwood, the wife of a criminal night-club owner. This is a fast moving, hard-hitting American crime story the hero of which is Alan Ladd, as Johnny Morrison, with William Bendix as his friend Buzz Wanchek and Howard Da Silva, who made such a success in *Two Years Before the Mast*, as the night-club owner Eddie Harwood. The film opens with Johnny Morrison, and his two friends George and Buzz, arriving home in Hollywood after serving with the U.S. Navy in the Pacific, while Buzz suffers from lapses of memory due to a wound. At his home Johnny finds his wife Helen (Doris Dowling), giving a rowdy party and very drunk: Harwood, owner of the Blue Dahlia, is also there and Johnny realizes

his wife is having an affair with him. When they are alone Johnny finds out from Helen that his little son was killed in a motor accident as the result of her drunkenness. He walks out on her and Helen telephones Buzz and George, asking them to get Johnny back. Johnny walks out of town and is given a lift by Joyce Harwood, who is separated from her husband, but it is only later that the two of them learn each other's identity. Next morning Helen's body is discovered murdered, and a warrant is sent out for Johnny. He discovers that Harwood is wanted for another murder and determines to bring the right criminal to justice. Both Johnny and Buzz are under suspicion, and they have a hard fight to clear their names and find the murderer. When the case is proved Johnny and Joyce are free to start again together

The Theatre

"Here Come The Boys" (Saville)



Labour Shortage: Manager, receptionist, floorwaiter, chambermaid—it's all in the day's work. Just a slight change of costume and Jack's the boy—or the girl! (Jack Hulbert)

It is a long time since Mr. Jack Hulbert was the pride and joy of the "Footlights" at Cambridge in May Week, but he is still quite well known as the man with a long chin and a clever wife: thus Mr. Bobby Howes, with a smile of engaging friendliness. Mr. Hulbert's clown-like visage sets and his blue eye grows cold as he tries to remember for what Mr. Howes was once celebrated. A certain elfin charm, wasn't it? And the clown's face beams again at the thought that the elf has grown to be the father of a famous film star. This opening scene in which the most amiable of our comedians tear each other's reputation to shreds is by long chalks the wittiest sketch in the show, and Mr. Eric Maschwitz, the author, sets the wit admirably by casting Mr. Howes as a slovenly demobilized soldier received home by his butler who, as Mr. Hulbert makes delightfully clear, has been a very smart brigadier. It is as they explore this delicate situation that they blunder into a discussion which is at once seen to be a thousand times more delicate. Has Mr. Hulbert, the butler's favourite comedian, has Mr. Howes, the master's favourite comedian, become a back number?

HAPPILY it is a joke which both of them can well afford. Mr. Hulbert, leading the company in a gay and stylish dance which catches the very spirit of departure for the seaside, is as nimble as ever, and the highly polished professionalism by which he suggests that he is only an amateur enjoying himself on the stage, still works its old delightful trick. And Mr. Howes turns the celebrated elfin charm on full in the serio-comic "It all adds up to you," is once more the sly, toothless gaffer leading an innocent from the B.B.C. up the garden path and as "Wavy Navy Joe" shows all his paces. Together the two comedians impersonate the whole staff of a hotel suffering from labour shortage and in the penultimate sketch make handsome and touching amends to each other for the ugly spirit of rivalry which has afflicted their partnership. In point of fact it is a partnership which thrives more on its general good humour and pleasantness than on any parti-

cular strokes of buffoonery. Mr. Hulbert and Mr. Howes are such amiable stage figures that if a joke chances to let them down we are as sorry for them as they would possibly be for themselves. They have the gift of stage sympathy, and if a comedian has that it scarcely seems to matter what else he hasn't got.

THEY carry the show more or less on their own shoulders. It is full of pretty women, but none of them ever gains sufficient prominence to challenge the propriety of "Here Come the Boys" as a title. Miss Leni Lynn sings a few songs charmingly, Miss Eunice Crowther and Miss Natasha Sokolova have some graceful dancing numbers and Miss Elsa Tee plays a useful part in various sketches, but the boys do most of the work and the chief counter-attraction is the charming chorus which is always handled with economy and precision. There is something new in the way of lighting. The lamps used for the background are arranged behind the stage and are not projected from the auditorium, and this enabled any combination of colour effect to be obtained and allowed any object on the stage to be illuminated with a particular colour without interfering with the colour of the background. It is, perhaps, the best tribute to the merits of this new and, as I understand, revolutionary system of lighting to admit that I did not notice anything new about it. I merely observed that the colouring of the stage was consistently pleasing.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Sketches by
Tom Titt



I Dream of a Dance: Marie Sellar, Eunice Crowther and Natasha Sokolova dance while Leni Lynn sings



Wavy Navy Joe: Bobby Howes in a naval affair "shows all his paces"

The Unusual Pianist

A Skit on Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody

MAX WALL, London-born comedian and leading light of that exceedingly clever revue *Make It A Date*, at the Duchess Theatre, first conceived the idea for his brilliant sketch "The Unusual Pianist" when he was in the R.A.F. He wrote the dialogue and played the sketch with immediate success to the troops. Max made his debut in variety in George Black's *Black and Blue* at the London Hippodrome. He played in *Present Arms* and in *Funny Side Up*, and when he was invalided out of the R.A.F. in 1943 joined the cast of *Panama Hattie*. *Make It A Date* has broken all box-office records at the Duchess for the fifteen-years history of the theatre. Quite a large percentage of this success is due to Max Wall



Alexander Bender



Angus McBean

"The Pianist"—Off Stage

Film Première of "Caravan"



Programme-sellers assembled in the foyer dressed in the costumes of Spanish gipsies, some of which were used in the film and worn by Jean Kent, one of the stars

● The Gainsborough film *Caravan* is adapted from the novel by the late Lady Eleanor Smith. The proceeds of the first showing of the film were devoted to the Army Cadet Force Association Fund. The chairman of the première was Lady Moyra Loyd, the Earl of Midleton's youngest sister, and wife of Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles Loyd. Joint deputy chairmen were Viscountess Bridgeman and Lady Luke, and Field-Marshal Lord Milne was president of the committee



Lady Moyra Loyd, chairman of the première, with Jean Kent and her husband, Yusef Ramart, whom she met during the filming of "Caravan"



Major-Gen. Viscount Bridgeman, chairman of the Army Cadet Force Association, and Lady Bridgeman



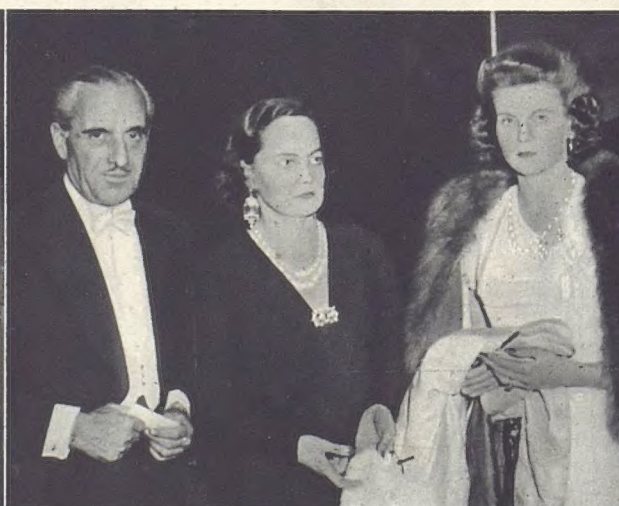
Major-Gen. R. E. Urquhart, who was appointed G.O.C. the First Airborne Division in 1944, and Mrs. Urquhart



Mrs. Everson, her mother, Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Major Everson



Lord and Lady Luke. Lord Luke, who is the second baron, succeeded his father in 1943



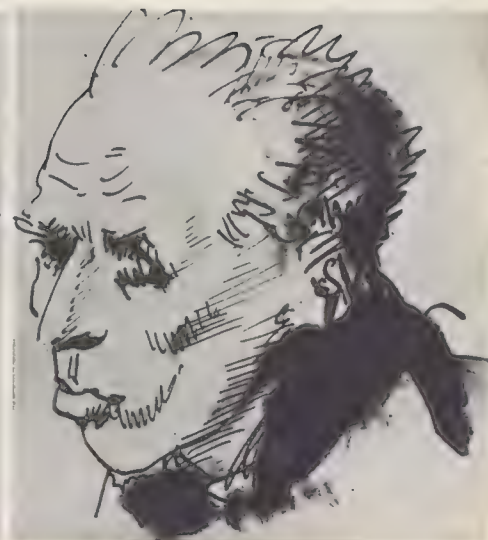
Mr. Harold Huth, the producer, Mrs. Harold Huth and the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson, sister of Lord Strathcarron



Patricia Roc, the film actress, Stewart Granger, star of "Caravan," Mary Hayley Bell, the playwright, and her actor husband, John Mills



11 Royal Hospital Road
Chelsea SW
Dear Badger
Thurs morning Victoria 1 hope.
9.50 with it? Don't trouble to
answer if this is right. cherio
William O.



Sir William Orpen Had His Own Original Method of Keeping
Badger Informed of His Movements

Mr. Walter Badger (S.R.) Chef-du-Train

A NEAT, alert, rather mild-mannered little man of sixty-one travelled from London to Paris a few days ago. In his blue eyes was a specially happy twinkle.

He was aboard the first post-war Golden Arrow train service between the two capitals, and it was also the first time that he had been in Paris since September 1939.

In that respect, perhaps, he was like many of us. But there was one difference. That trip was approximately the 4,000th time that he had travelled between Victoria and the Gare du Nord.

He was Mr. Walter James William Badger—Badger of the Golden Arrow—who for the twelve years that the service ran up to 1939, was head inspector on that all-Pullman express—the “chef-du-train,” as the French called him.

Now Badger is chief inspector on all the Southern Railway Pullman services; but he still prefers to travel on his old route when possible.

For some years before the Golden Arrow arrived, Badger used to accompany the usual 11 o'clock boat train service all the way from Victoria to Paris. He thus became a very familiar figure to regular travellers on this route. He was as well known a landmark as the Shakespeare Cliff tunnels or the quayside fish-market at Calais.

All told, Badger calculated, when I saw him the other day, he must now have made just about 4,000 trips to Paris and the same number back. Although he always needed to carry a passport, never once was it asked for or stamped; all the port and police authorities on both sides of the Channel knew him so well.

Badger told me, too, that never once was he bored on those trips; a bit queasy perhaps in a mid-winter Channel gale, but never bored. He took too much interest in his many distinguished passengers, of whom he remembers Lord Derby, the Aga Khan and the late Admiral Beatty as the most ready and most amusing conversationalists among his “regulars.”

Inspector was really far too ordinary a title for him. In some ways, Badger was the Golden Arrow.

Apart from being a general guide, philosopher and friend, he was usually the counsellor, confidant, entertainer (on occasions, even banker to those returning financially distressed after a few hectic days in Paris), to all who sought his company or his advice on the seven-hour trip.

He was, of necessity, the recipient of many secrets, political and domestic. He often knew

about pending Government changes, or Society divorces and snap marriages long before they became public. There was something about little Mr. Badger which compelled people with an overburdening secret to take him into their confidence.

Badger, who proudly claims that he was the first to popularise the “new-fangled” Pullman cars when they made their début on the Southern Railway services to Brighton in 1908, has met and looked after most of the world-household names in the course of his cross-Channel journeys.

He has been in contact with nearly all the crowned and ex-crowned heads of Europe, the British and international aristocracy (and crookery, too). One well-known financier gaol-bird on his first trip after release from prison commented to Badger between puffs at his cigar, “Golden Arrow, eh, Badger, nice change after the broad arrow.”

He has known the American millionaires and film stars, headliners in industry, outstanding figures on Europe's political stage between 1918 and 1939, and the flock of artistic dilettanti who in those days flitted between London and Paris as easily as one might now take a bus from Hyde Park Corner to Piccadilly Circus—rush hours excepted.

Badger knew them all.

R. G.



Badger Leaves Victoria on His First Post-War Journey to the Gare du Nord



The Marriage of Sir Mark Dalrymple and Lady Antonia Stewart at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Swaebe

Sir Mark Dalrymple, only son of the late Sir David Dalrymple and of Lady Blake, married Lady Antonia Stewart, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Galloway. The bridal attendants are Miss June Wendell, Miss Faith McTaggart-Stewart, John Clowes and James Douglas

Lady Blake, mother of the bridegroom, widow of the late Sir Patrick James Graham Blake, and the parents of the bride, the Earl and Countess of Galloway. Lady Galloway, who is American-born, is the daughter of the late Mr. J. Wendell, of New York

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

SINCE her birthday fell this year on Easter Sunday, Princess Elizabeth was unable to have the birthday dance she would have wished; but it was a pleasure postponed, and a few days after the anniversary about 100 guests, nearly all the young folk with whom the Princess goes around, were invited to the Castle for a small private dance in her honour. Our twenty-year-old Princess has certainly stimulated interest in dancing, and the example set by the King and Queen of holding quite small, intimate dances at fairly frequent intervals for her, instead of the more elaborate, bigger and more formal affairs that used to be the rule, is being followed by an increasingly large number of people, who find that such parties have the double advantage of being easier to arrange in these days of food—and drink—scarcity, and of turning out to be much jollier, more enjoyable and amusing than big-scale entertainments, where most of the guests know each other only slightly, can ever hope to be.

As was inevitable once it became known that she was really keen on dancing, H.R.H. is inundated with such a shoal of invitations to dances of all kinds, and requests to attend charity balls, that if she accepted one-half of them she would find almost every evening engaged. Some hard-and-fast lines have had to be drawn, and, in particular, the number of public dances for charitable purposes which she will honour with her presence is to be severely limited, a fact which makes supporters of the Navy League all the more delighted that Princess Elizabeth will be their guest of honour at the dinner and ball in aid of the funds of the Sea Cadet Corps, to be held at the Dorchester on Tuesday, May 28. The Princess's early enthusiasm for sea training as a member of the Sea Rangers, of which she is nowadays Commodore, may have had some influence on her favourable decision in this instance.

GUESTS AT THE CASTLE

THOUGH entertaining on anything like the accustomed scale of Royalty is, alas, still impossible, and likely to continue so for many a long day yet, the King and Queen, in deciding this year to revive the old custom of "dine-and-

sleep" invitations to Windsor, while the Court has been in residence at the Castle, have made a welcome move in the direction of renewing a certain amount of social life, and their Majesties' lead has been received with general pleasure.

As was proper, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee were the first of Their Majesties' ministerial guests, other members of the administration and their wives following later. Mr. John Winant, whose many friends in London—among whom both the King and Queen may be numbered—so much regret his leaving after his eminently successful stay as United States Ambassador in Great Britain, was a fellow-guest with the Attlees, and took advantage of the opportunity to take his formal leave of the King. The Brazilian Ambassador and his wife, who were invited with the Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Bevin, were also among the earliest of the members of the Corps Diplomatique to go to the Castle. Mr. Winston Churchill, invited both as Leader of His Majesty's Opposition and as a personal friend of the King and Queen, was an after-Easter guest with Mrs. Churchill.

ROYAL MERCHANT NAVY BALL

THE Royal Merchant Navy Ball at the Dorchester on May 8th, which Princess Elizabeth will attend, promises to be a bright affair with plenty of young people present. This is not surprising, as the chairman is that charming "young married" Lady Rupert Nevill, who was a Wren during the war, and has rallied many of her young friends who were serving with her, and others, to help her organise the ball. Lady Rupert has held two committee meetings at Admiralty House, at the invitation of Mrs. A. V. Alexander, the kind and hospitable wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty. At the first meeting, Lady Rupert had Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, who made a good speech, on one side of her and Capt. Bowes-Lyon on the other. Many of Lady Rupert's friends are celebrating their demobilisation from war work at the ball. Among these are Miss Pamela Rhodes, who took mothercraft training and worked in Day Nurseries. She is the granddaughter of Lady

Victoria Braithwaite, who, as Lady Plunket, brought the Truby King Mothercraft training from New Zealand to England. The Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley was a F.A.N.Y. during the war and worked as a wireless operator at Bicester, while Miss Gillian Loder, another attractive girl helping on the committee, cooked for ten at her home at Tackley, as her war job. Lady Rupert has come down from Chester for the meetings, where she has just moved into a furnished house, while her husband, who is in the Life Guards, is stationed up there.

WARWICKSHIRE POINT-TO-POINT

THE Warwickshire Hunt held their first point-to-point since 1939 at Chesterton, in glorious sunny weather. There was a tremendous crowd of spectators who had come on foot, and several thousand cars, which were cleverly parked on the hill which forms a natural grandstand overlooking the course, with a beautiful Christopher Wren windmill in the background. Mr. Roy Gaskell and the Hon. Mrs. John Lakin, the two honorary secretaries, had worked hard to make the meeting a success and were both to be seen on the course early, cantering about on their hacks, giving final instructions and seeing everything was going according to plan. Alas, this lovely country, like many others, has had to plough up much of its famous grassland, and the course this year had to include some plough. Although the entries were good, the fields were not very big, possibly owing to the going being fairly hard, but the racing was interesting and very popular with the crowd, as the favourite won every race! There was a splendid ladies' race, which Mrs. Roy Gaskell won on her nice horse Wish Me Luck, with the Hon. Mrs. Cardiff (Lord Newborough's elder daughter) second, on her Mountain Knight. Mrs. Gaskell usually has a good point-to-point horse and won many races before the war; it was pleasant to see her making a successful return to the sport. The Nomination Race was won by Capt. Michael Tree on Roscar, a bay who we may see winning more than point-to-points one day, with Mrs. Eric Scott's Silver Horn second; both had come over from the Bicester country.



Reception in Honour of the Royal Navy at the "Ambassadeurs" at Cannes

The occasion was the recent visit of the British Mediterranean Fleet to Cannes. Above are: M. Escande, the Duchess of Windsor and Dr. Picaud, Mayor of Cannes

Mme. Catroux, the Duke of Windsor, Mme. Picaud, Admiral Sir John Cunningham, and Mme. Escande. It was also a farewell party for Admiral Cunningham, who was soon to leave for London to take up his post as First Sea Lord

CHILDREN AND PICNICS

MOST people brought their children and had picnic lunches. Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, who brought their little son and daughter, David and Susan, to see their first point-to-point, were entertaining friends to a picnic lunch and afterwards to watch the racing from their wagon. Lord Willoughby de Broke was acting as judge at the meeting; his family have for generations lived in Warwickshire, where he is a big landowner and a former Master of these hounds, as was his father before him. Lord Willoughby de Broke, who is also a keen racing enthusiast, was recently elected senior Steward of the Jockey Club. The Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton, who own the lovely and historical Compton Wynates in Warwickshire, I met walking round together; the Marchioness was making one of her first appearances since the birth of their son and heir, the infant Earl Compton, last month. Lady Watson brought her little son, Andrew. The Hon. Marcus Samuel, Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, and his parents, Lord and Lady Bearsted, were entertaining, among others, Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield. Mrs. Robin Grosvenor had come up from her home near Newbury for the day with her son, Hugh, and her daughter, Robina. Mrs. Reggie West, her sister-in-law, hatless and looking very pretty, was accompanied by her two small sons, James and George. Others I saw enjoying this very pleasant meeting were Lord Porchester, who had come over to ride in the Adjacent Hunt Members' race, Major and Mrs. Philip Fleming, Lord Cowdray, with his sisters, the Hon. Mrs. John Lakin and the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Murray (Lord Cowdray's twin) and her schoolboy son, Ian, the Hon. Mrs. Basil Hanbury and Mrs. Wilfred Holden, whose book of sporting poems, *They're Away*, with illustrations by Lionel Edwards, came out last autumn, and reminds readers of many good hunts over this lovely country.

RECEPTION FOR EGYPTIAN STUDENTS

MORE than fifty Egyptian students from different universities were present at the Egyptian Institute, which has its headquarters in Chesterfield Gardens (once the home of the Earl of Craven), at a reception given for them by the Anglo-Egyptian Society. H.E. the Egyptian Ambassador, who was just back from a visit to Cairo, received the guests with Lady Cook, wife of Sir Thomas Cook, chairman of the Society. Among members of the Diplomatic Corps I met at the party were H.E. the Lebanese Minister and Mme. Chamoun, H.E. the Syrian Minister and Mme. Amanazi, H.E. the Iraqi Chargé d'Affaires, and H.E. Hussein Mohamed Said Bey, who was in charge of the Embassy during the Ambassador's visit to Cairo. The Dowager Lady Swaythling, just back from a fortnight on the East Coast, was greeting many friends, and so were Lt.-Gen. Sir Clive and Lady Liddell; Sir Clive, a former Governor of Gibraltar, is now Governor of the Chelsea Hospital and Chief

Commissioner of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

PRE-VIEW

SIR HARRY BRITAIN entertained friends at Film House to see a private view of the film *If We Had Our Way*, which has been produced and directed by his friend John Baxter. This is a charming film depicting some lovely scenes of rural England—most of the scenes were shot against real-life backgrounds; there are also some amazing shots of field animals in their own natural surroundings. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Sir Charles and Lady Davis, came to the film, as well as two of their little granddaughters and a small grandson, who were enthusiastic after the performance over what they'd seen. Among others also enjoying the film were the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend, Sir John and Lady Mactaggart, Sir William Rootes with his elder son, Brig. and Mrs. Beaumont, Lady Jowitt and Cdr. and Lady Muriel Derek-Jones.

IN LONDON

AMONG many interesting people I've met at the May Fair recently were Sir Lacey Vincent, the industrialist who is doing much to foster Britain's export drive. With him was Mr. Richard Lonsdale-Hands, taking time off from his studio, where he has been actively engaged, amongst other things, on the interior design of the new Tudor II aircraft. Near by was Lord Selsdon, who is a great railway enthusiast; he has recently been acting as a voluntary engine-driver on a well-known Sussex model railway which has been raising considerable sums for charity. With Lord Selsdon was Mr. Charles Follett, at 21 stone Britain's heaviest racing driver, who always seems able to coax the most amazing speeds from the tiniest of racing cars. Lord Wakehurst was also there. He is interested in all Australian agricultural problems, and until recently was Governor-General of New South Wales. Iceland was represented by Mr. Sigurstein Magnusson, the good-looking Icelandic Consul for Scotland.

At the Bagatelle I met the Earl and Countess of Lindsay, who were celebrating their elder son's birthday with a small party of his friends. It was a gay, informal affair, and amongst the guests who appeared to be thoroughly enjoying the evening I saw Lord Buckhurst and his attractive fiancée, Miss Anne Devas, who was wearing an unusual dress of pale-gold brocade with a spray of crimson orchids in her fair hair; Sir John Carden, Miss Angela Lowndes, Mr. David Tilden-Wright, who has lately been invalided out of the Scots Guards; Mr. Richard Lumley, Coldstream Guards; Miss Sonia Graham-Hodgson, Miss Maureen Millar, Mr. Anthony Geikie-Cobb and Miss Bridget Jenkins.

Lord Garnock, who is twenty, was invalided out of his father's regiment, the Scots Guards, last year, and is now reading history at Magdalene College, Cambridge.



Miss E. Wilson, Captain G. E. Belville (Steward), Major W. T. G. M. Fitzwilliam, M.F.H. (Steward), and Miss V. Wilson



Holloway, Northampton

The Woodland Pytchley Hunt Races at Dingley, Market Harborough

Lord Cromwell, Lady Cromwell, their daughter, the Hon. Philipa Bewicke-Copley, and their nephew, John Philip Cripps



"That's a nice bit of stuff!" Cochran laughingly examines one of the costumes of leading lady Carol Lynne. Sir Alan Herbert, M.P. (who wrote the words of "Big Ben" to music by Vivian Ellis, and is sitting at C. B.'s right hand), seems to approve the outfit for would-be candidates for the (stage) House of Commons

THE COCHRAN TRADITION

COCHRAN is back in the theatre. His new show, *Big Ben*, opened at the Opera House, Manchester, ten days ago, and as the curtain fell, the audience—stalls, circle, gallery—stood and cheered and cheered and cheered. Twenty times the curtain rose and fell, and still they cheered till, finally, the man they all wanted to see walked slowly, stick in hand, to the centre of the stage. It was Charles B. Cochran—"this grand, this gallant old man of the theatre," Sir Alan Herbert, who a few minutes later also took a bow, described him. There were tears in C. B.'s eyes as he thanked the audience, the cast, the men and women back stage. There were tears, too, in the eyes of Mrs. Cochran, who from her box shared in her husband's triumph just as she has shared during many years of constant companionship the ups and downs of this great showman's career. Fifty-four years have passed since nineteen-year-old Charles B. Cochran made his first appearance on the stage. That was at Niblo's Gardens, in New York City, when he appeared in *Round the World in Eighty Days*, under the management of Alexander C. Comstock. His real love, however, was in promotion and production, and in the following years he was instrumental in introducing to England the famous wrestler Georges Hackenschmidt, Houdini, the Handcuff King, Odette Dulac and others; he brought the

Chauve Souris to London, introduced the Guitrys and Eleonora Duse to British audiences, made cabaret at the Trocadero a regular feature of London life, and was responsible for the promotion of the Rodeo at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. *Big Ben* is the 125th show presented by Charles B. Cochran in his forty-nine years of theatrical production. It is a light opera with words by Sir Alan Herbert, M.P., and music (which may well include the song hit of the year) by Vivian Ellis. "A. P." has found the inspiration for *Big Ben*, as the title indicates, in the House of Commons. An enterprising business man encourages one of his employees (shop-girl Carol Lynne) to stand for Parliament. Carol, looking enchantingly fragile and feminine, gets a record number of votes, and one of the high spots of the show is when Carol takes part in musical debate in the House and succeeds in getting the Mrs. Grundy of 1946 unceremoniously chucked out. As a rich young Society girl, Gabrielle Brune wears some lovely clothes, falls in love with a shopwalker, sings a catchy song about a poodle and a pug. Till the end of this week *Big Ben* is at Manchester; it opens at Liverpool on May 6th, and then, with as little delay as possible, it comes to London. These photographs were taken (by Russell Sedgwick) at the last rehearsal before the company left London for its triumphant first night in Manchester.



"Perhaps a little off the shoulder?" Gabrielle Brune, also a leading lady, discusses last-minute alterations with her dresser



"I like that." Doris Zinkeisen (designer of costumes and decor for Scene I.) bends forward to examine the new frocks worn by the "Young Ladies." Behind her is producer Wendy Toye



"You've done a grand job, Fred." C. B. congratulates his stage manager, Fred Wilby, on the smooth running of the rehearsal

84 Group R.A.F. Hold Their Dinner Club in London



Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder of Glenguin, Chief of the Air Staff and First and Senior Member of the Air Council, Air Vice-Marshal L. O. Brown and Air Vice-Marshal P. E. Maitland



Air Vice-Marshal J. Whitworth-Jones, who was appointed Director-General of Organisation at the Air Ministry last year, Air/Cdre. G. R. C. Spencer and Air/Cdre. W. W. Brow



Air/Cdre. T. N. McEnvoy, C.B.E., G/Capt. D. G. Morris, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., and Air Vice-Marshal E. C. Hudleston, C.B.E.



G/Capt. D. G. Scott, D.S.O., O.B.E., G/Capt. D. E. Gillam, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., and G/Capt. T. L. E. B. Guinness, O.B.E.

Cocktail-Party Given by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Thomas Elmhirst in London



Major Timofei Samarin, Assistant Soviet Military Attaché, Lady Elmhirst, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Thomas Elmhirst and Mrs. Samarin. Behind are G/Capt. and Mrs. Simpson



Major Schlegel and Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, Air Officer C-in-C. Flying Training Command



Lt.-Col. Cukalevski, Yugoslavian Military, Naval and Air Attaché, Mrs. Fastovschuk, Col. Ross, Mrs. Forter and Col. Fastovschuk



Col. Taro Plass, W/Cdr. F. Kordula and Gen. S. Bosy were among the guests



Mrs. Rushbrooke, Mme. N. Ulsan and Rear-Admiral E. G. N. Rushbrooke, who was appointed Director of Naval Intelligence in 1943



Col. Luis River, Lady Elliot and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Douglas Evill, who was appointed Vice-Chief of the Air Staff in 1943

Marcel Pagnol, French Author and Playwright, is Elected to the Académie Française

● Marcel Pagnol, who has just been elected to the Académie Française, has acquired fame chiefly through his comedies dealing with life in Marseilles. His most enthusiastic sponsor was the Duc de la Force. Pagnol's best-known plays are *Marius* and *Topaze*. He is also a member of the Académie of Aix-en-Provence



Marcel Pagnol receives the congratulations of his friends upon his election to the Académie; his wife, Jacqueline Bouvier, is on the right



Actress Jacqueline Bouvier, wife of Marcel Pagnol, tells an amusing story to M. le Duc, President de l'Association des Artistes de Cinéma, and Mme. Pasteur Valéry-Radot

PRISCILLA

"OH, to be in England now that April's . . ." At the same time we're not doing so badly in Paris. The sun, the spring flowers, the little bur-r-r-ds, the Bois in its "early suiting" of tender green, and all the rest of the pretty tra-la-la business of these fine new days conspired to make a very perfect afternoon for the Longchamp races to which, not being a fanatic of the noble sport, I reluctantly went. It was, I repeat, a beautiful day, but I have a few bitter thoughts for the writer of the following paragraph that appeared in the Paris edition of an English paper: "The best way to reach the course is by Metro to the Porte d'Auteuil, then on foot or by cab." "On foot" sure enough, and a good, dusty half-hour of it—but "by cab"—what an optimist! Had I been expecting an addition-to-the-family, or were I minus an arm or leg, a cab, miraculously, might be available, but being merely hale and hearty—no complaints!—I had to hoof it. Thanks be, I was wearing a tailor-made and stoutish shoes.

As I plodded along, I reviewed my doings of the week. A trip with the ambulance to Metz, to take a poor lad back to his beloved Lorraine. The early-morning visit to the Paris hospital where he had been nursed since his return from Russia. The musty smell of the men's ward shot with the more distinguishable odour of coffee—that is anything except coffee. Dressing the boy in the only clothes he had: a pair of German sailor's trousers too small round the waist, and which, when he was carried, dangled, empty, from mid-thigh and mid-calf. An over-large khaki shirt that hid the broad-chested torso—for he was a bonny lad—and . . . the stump of his left arm. So heart-breaking, but: "What an economy of shoe- and glove-leather, Sister!" was the cheery remark he made. This day also was glorious with sunshine. We propped the boy comfortably



Marcel stresses a point to the Duc and the Duchesse de la Force, who are great admirers of his work



Wearing a corduroy jacket, he discusses his plans with Jacques Chabannes, the French producer

in PARIS

Spring in the Air.

in the long, low "Merk," so that he could look out of the windows and, from the driving-seat, every time I looked back, I could see his face grow happier and happier. The roads, as far as Verdun, are surprisingly good, but the tourists who visit France this summer would be wise, from Verdun onwards, to go canny, no matter how good their shock-absorbers are. Should they come to grief, however, here is the address of that all-too-rare personage nowadays—an obliging, good and conscientious mechanic: Garage A. Wolf, Harville Meuse. He took my radiator down, soldered a bad leak and got everything in place under two hours' time. Harville is a little hamlet on the main road (Nationale 3), some twenty miles from Metz. By this time our passenger was tired and thirsty. There was not a pub or a shop in the place, and our Thermos had long since given out, but the Mayor's wife let him have a glass of wine from her own small allowance of four litres per month. Kindly, hard-working, generous people, these Lorrainers. At Metz the "Authorities" shuttlecocked us between civil and military hospitals and waxed red-tapey over some small omission in the boy's papers, but at long last the nuns at Bon Secours came to the rescue. Is England cursed with red tape too? I rage and boil when I have to do with these official mis-managers.

With the setting sun in our eyes, we drove homewards, arriving in Paris as the theatres were emptying. What a pity it was we could not fill up with people going our way. If we had, charged only half of what taxis—when available—cost, we would have had quite a nice little sum for our "voluntarily"-supported unit.

BARRING this jaunt to Metz, a 700-kilometre run, I have had a lazy week. There is so little wisdom in my whole being that I am not even allowed to keep a wisdom tooth. I parted

with one a few days ago; it left me so reluctantly that I was quite prostrated, and when the dentist retired behind his screen for a few minutes I'm sure it was in order to have a quick one after the battle. For the next forty-eight hours I chaise-longued on the terrace, on to which the windows of my room open. A terrace that overlooks a garden à la Française. The mauve glycine that winds its branches round the balustrade is already in flower, and the tall laburnum that stands in the garden below and keeps us cool in summer despite a southern exposure is thick with leaf. Who was it that wrote "... with solitude, flowers, books and the moon, who could not be perfectly happy?"? In my case, however, the sun replaces the moon. One of the books was M. Jean-Michel Sûe's *Le Chemin de la Mer*, an enchanting story of the sea, a man, a dog and a boat. There is also a woman, but she is kept in her proper place, since she is of far less account than the scents of the wild Breton coast and the song of the waves that dash against the rocks. . . . This book, a *de luxe* publication of the Office Français du Livre, is illustrated with some beautiful photographs by Nicole André, and there must be many British lovers of Brittany to whom they would be familiar: *Vous souvenez vous de Port-Colon . . . de la petite calanque où les oiseaux se perchaient sur les roches rouges?*

Ah, me! When, oh, when shall I get down to my Farm-on-the-Island? Every time I plan to go there something crops up. This time it is the unexpected but forthcoming production of a London play I have adapted for Paris. I shall write about this *after* the first night—or shall I?

I must snap out of this digression and get back to the Longchamp races, where I bet and lost my *brassière* on the afternoon's doings.

There was such a huge crowd that one could hardly see the wood for the trees. Also quite a few lovely frocks, the wearers of which were all positively waspish as to waist. Marcel Rochas has invented a little whaleboned satin girdle which he calls *la Guépière*. . . . It looks to me too torturesome for words! The Marquis de Fraguier was holding forth in his usual sarcastic vein, the Comte Hocquart de Turtot, the Comte de Kerhallet and the Admiral de Carné seemed to have many amusing stories to relate. M. Léon Volterra, looking all the better for his holiday at Cap d'Antibes, refused to give me the slightest tip about his stables . . . but I know what that means and can afford to wait. Besides, he made up for it by dropping me home. What more could a footsore, weary woman want?

Voilà!

● During the recent Dubernet-Douine sale that took place at the famous auction-rooms of the Hôtel Drouot a good story was told of Tristan Bernard's kindly disposition, patience and wit. He was present at a sale of old furniture, and as he entered the rooms he was badly jostled by an attendant who was trying to move a grandfather clock that was much too heavy for him. Tristan Bernard was thrown to the ground, but he picked himself up at once and, brushing off the dust, mildly inquired of the apologetic man: "Why don't you wear a wrist-watch like everybody else?"



The Finish Seen from a Rural Grandstand

THE BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL POINT-TO-POINT AT KIRTLINGTON, OXFORD



Lady Sergison-Brooke, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke, and the Hon. Mrs. Wilfred Holland-Hibbert



Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, youngest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, Col. C. Ponsonby, and the Duke of Marlborough



Col. N. V. Blacker, one of the hon. secretaries, and Lord Bicester, who was a race steward



Mrs. Synnott, Miss Tulip, Miss E. Sykes, Miss I. Tempest, Mr. R. A. Budgett, who finished fourth in the Members' Race, and Sir Derrick Bailey



Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Debrassey Clarke, and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Norman



The Hon. Honor Smith, youngest daughter of Lord Bicester, Col. Buxton, and Col. M. Lloyd Mostyn



The Hon. Rosemary Elton and her father, Lord Elton of Headington



The Hon. Lady Fox, daughter of the late Lord Eltisley, Sir Gifford Fox, and Mrs. Wetherby



Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, younger daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, and her husband, Mr. Peter Oldfield



Lord Porchester, son and heir of the Earl of Carnarvon, rode his own horse, Jim Carew, in the Members' Race



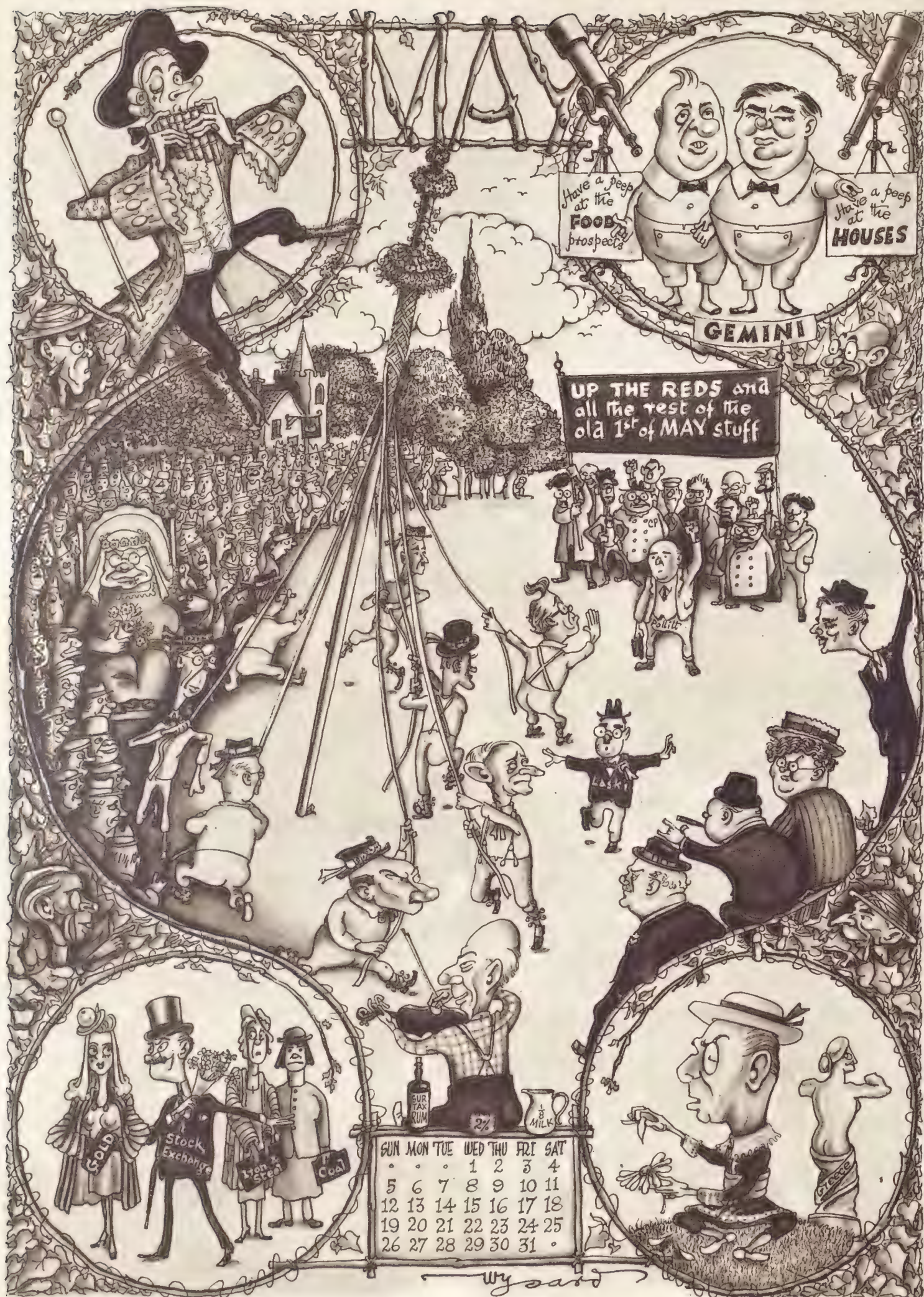
Capt. P. L. Ransom, Miss Bridget Ransom, and Major V. Whitworth



Col. and Mrs. Lees, with Miss Lavinia and Miss Julia Lees



A. G. E. Briggs has an unpleasant spill off Cottage Pie III. in the Adjacent Hunts' Race



"Now is the Month of Maying——"



Beaumont College and Eton College Rugger XV's.

D. R. Stuart

Beaumont College have beaten Harrow, Oratory and Eton and have lost to Downsides and King's College, Wimbledon. Sitting: D. Gooley, J. B. Holland, P. W. Jackson, D. C. Kingsley (captain), A. J. Russell, P. Stowell and M. Shanks. Standing: C. E. Colbourn (referee), C. Condie, R. Goodchild, J. Rogers, D. Waterkyn, D. O'Sullivan, B. O. Higgins, P. Hickey, M. McNaight, T. Russell

Eton, who only play Rugger from January to April as the Eton Game takes its place before Christmas, have lost to St. John's, Leatherhead, Merchant Taylors' and Beaumont. Sitting: H. D. P. Rankin, W. M. E. Hicks, N. A. Gibbs, R. G. T. Speer (captain), C. R. D. Rudd, C. B. Fairbairn, F. E. Hughes-Onslow. Standing: C. E. Colbourn (referee), J. C. Browne, R. P. Williams, J. D. Pritchard-Burnett, H. D. Miller, K. M. Hamilton, P. W. B. Graham-Watson, J. Moores, M. G. B. O'Brien

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

Where Does the Money Come From?

NEITHER you nor I, nor even the Other Chap, can afford to down tools for four, five or six days in the week and go racing, golfing, watching football or the dogs! Yet thousands of other people seem to be able so to do. Where do they get the money to permit of such extended leisure? The Minister of Fuel says that it may be that mid-week racing will have to be banned, because coal must come before horses; he has also said that some of the Bevin Boys have hardly done a day's work since signing on, and that about 8000 are to be sent to the armed forces, in which there are means for dealing with refusal, or neglect, of duty. Of course the national need must come first, and no one will have a word to say against any measures, provided that Mr. Shinwell and his associates do not concoct one sauce for the goose and another for the gander. Racing is not the sole attraction for the dyed-in-the-wool idler! All these diversions, which seem to be so popular with those who ought to be doing their appointed task, cost money. The big football centres, golf-courses, race-courses, and so forth, are widely dispersed. Cheltenham, Lincoln, Aintree, Newmarket, Salisbury, Chester are not all in one backyard; travelling is difficult and not inexpensive; the "incidentals" cost more than they used to do; yet Mr. Shinwell is able to tell us that droves of absentees go to all these sporting functions in mid-week. How do they manage to afford them?

Four Gallops

THREE of them were no more than that which any trainer might ask any of his charges to do upon any day when fast work was in the menu. The fourth one was certainly a stripped performance, and the one they wanted to try came out of it with no credit at all. Reference obviously is to Edward Tudor's failure in the New Greenham Stakes at Salisbury on April 12. He was beaten pointlessly by Baron de Rothschild's Fine Lad, who is not entered in any of the classics. When anything that starts at odds-on lets his venturesome supporters down as badly as this, there are usually a good many hard words flying about. In this case there is no allegation of temperament, though it would not have surprised anyone very greatly if there had been, seeing that he is an own-brother to Owen Tudor, who had his "days" and was not always to be trusted. I did not see this race, and I have not seen Edward Tudor this season, but if he is what an observant friend says he looks like at the moment, then I should say: "The less we have to do with him at Epsom, the better." My friend, who had no bet on the race, and is, therefore, quite disinterested, says that he is "coachy," undoubtedly thick through, and not at all attractive as a racing-machine. If Edward Tudor is indeed loaded, then he will

not work going down The Hill. In my humble experience, it is one of the worst defects. That sort is rarely comfortable to ride, still more rarely the ideal conveyance over obstacles, though there are honourable exceptions. I hasten to render tribute to one of the Whaddon Hunt Stud. He had no discernible withers, but what a gem he was to ride over any kind of obstruction! However, here it is so far as Edward Tudor is concerned, an expert with a first-class eye for a horse won't have him. Others have said that he looks more like sprinting; but at Salisbury he was beaten flat for pace. So how come? A last-minute note: Congratulations to Mrs. Luke Lillingston on the Irish Grand National win! More anon.

The Others

KHALED had almost as little to do in the Column Produce Stakes at Newmarket as Gulf Stream had in the Craven, for Downrush never seriously threatened danger. Gulf Stream won his race in a canter. It is somewhat fatuous for people to talk about the times in these two races. Why should they not have been slow? There was nothing to set anything alight. Sky High's gallop in the Union Jack Stakes at Liverpool has already been dealt with. He again had nothing behind him. I suggest once more, however, that he may be a lot better than some people seem prepared to believe. I think he is a very nice colt. Here are the prices noted immediately after the Craven Meeting. *The Two Thousand*: 3 to 1 Gulf Stream, 5 to 1 Khaled, 10 to 1 Edward Tudor, 20 to 1 Sky High. *The Derby*: 6 to 1 Gulf Stream, 8 to 1 Khaled, 10 to 1 Edward Tudor, 40 to 1 Sky High. At a later call-over they read: *The Two Thousand*: 11 to 4 Gulf Stream, 5 to 1 Khaled, 9 to 1 Edward Tudor, 25 to 1 Sky High. *The Derby*: 11 to 2 Gulf Stream, 8 to 1 Khaled, 100 to 9 Edward Tudor, 33 to 1 Sky High. The French colt, Nirgal, was well backed at 9 to 1.

A Suggestion

"EX-PIFFER" (the word stands for Punjab Frontier Force) suggests that before the gentlemen in India give the British Army its marching orders, they had better wait until the tribesmen have got in the harvest, and then be very careful to ascertain whether this event is followed by the despatch of all women and cattle into the fastnesses of the hills. When that happens, my correspondent, who has first-class knowledge, knows exactly what will happen next. I, likewise, am sure from even my own far less expert knowledge, that this advice is sound. The Piffer says that the Wild Men don't care a cuss for bombing, but that they still have a respect for the warriors whom they know are quite as good at their own game as they are themselves. They know all about Thomas

Atkins and rather like him; they dislike the Sikh, are rather afraid of Johnny Gurkha, and have a wholesome regard for that well-disciplined soldier the Dogra, a quite emotionless fighter, and, like themselves, mainly drawn from agricultural stock. They have never quite understood why any of their co-religionists consent to fight against them. The person they abominate is the Bunnia, the Hindu money-lender, and there is hardly anything they will not do to him, from peeling him 1 inch per day downwards, or upwards, as the case may be.

The Passing of The Snooker

"THE SHOP" goes, and with it, presumably, that historic military figure, The Snooker. Let us hope that most of us are wrong in our guess, and that, even after this amalgamation with Sandhurst, the budding officer, whom hitherto they have preferred to teach how to dance in a Billy Coke shorn of its brim, will survive. I cannot believe that he will be permitted to vanish into the mists. If it happened it would cause Burgoyne, Napier, Bobs, Chinese Gordon, K. of K., as well as that distinguished officer who was one of the few living descendants of the only man who managed to purloin the Crown jewels—out of the Tower, and all. Col. Thomas Blood, incidentally, was not only pardoned for stealing the Regalia, but was subsequently received into Royal favour by Charles II, and, what is more, given a pension of £500 a year. I believe that it was said at the time that he was one of the few Irishmen who have ever kissed the real Blarney Stone, which is tucked away somewhere down a well, and not at ruined Blarney Castle. However: even if they do destroy "The Shop," they will never destroy the spirit which is behind "Ubique" and "Quo Fas et Gloria Ducunt."



"Calling Yellow Jersey. No. 3 Runway is now clear for take-off. . . . Over"

LAWN TENNIS and Other Pastimes

John Olliff

THE lawn tennis season opened officially with the Surrey Hard Court Championships, which were played for the first time at Sutton. Normally the Surrey Championships are always played at Roehampton Club, but owing to shortage of staff, the management of Roehampton asked the Sutton Hard Courts Club to take it on for one year.

For the same reason the International Club will hold their reception to overseas Wimbledon competitors on Sunday, June 23rd, the day before Wimbledon starts, at Hurlingham Club instead of Roehampton this year.

Judging by the crowds of spectators at Sutton, this year is going to be a boom year for the game. The men's events were dominated by that fine Australian player Jack Harper, who gave a sensational display when beating Kho Sin Kie, China's No. 1 Davis Cup star and holder of the Hard Court Championships of Great Britain.

Jack Harper is a beautiful stroke player; he has that slow, lazy, back-swing reminiscent of Jack Crawford—in fact, their backhand strokes are almost identical.

I anticipate a victory for Harper in the Hard Championships at Bournemouth, April 29th to May 4th. He will be pairing up in the Men's Doubles with that fine New Zealand doubles player Cam Malfroy, a Wing-Commander, D.F.C. pilot, and they will take a lot of beating.

The women players to shine in the first tournament of the season were Mrs. J. E. Hilton, formerly Miss Betty Clements, from Birmingham, a Warwickshire County player, and Miss Molly Lincoln, who is now a sports mistress at a girls' school. They are the two best stylists among the women in this country to-day. Mrs. Hilton's service swing is a perfect model for young girls to copy. It is developed on the lines of Alice Marble's swing, with the bent knees and forward body movement. Miss Lincoln's forehand drive is a classic. It is hit as early and as flat as Perry's. The only other English girl that I can remember with a drive of this type was Miss Valerie Scott, who, incidentally, has just turned professional in America and has become resident coach to a large country hotel. Mrs. Hilton beat Miss Lincoln in two very close sets, 9-7, 7-5, in the final of the singles. A fine performance in the Women's Doubles was the victory of Miss Lincoln and Mrs. Passingham, better known before the war as Betty Batt (would any novelist with a tennis theme look further for a name for his heroine?), over Mrs. Menzies (Kay Stammers) and Miss Joan Ingram. Too much importance should not be attached to this result from the losers' point of view, as it was their first tournament for six years, but it is extremely encouraging for the winners.

Davis Cup Trials

AS a result of the Davis Cup Trials at the Cumberland Club, Hampstead, it looks as if D. W. Barton, the young Essex County player, will be one of the singles players, and that Henry Billington and myself will be the doubles pair, to play France in the first round of the Davis Cup at the Stade Roland Garros, Paris, on May 10th, 11th, and 12th. The other singles player is, at the moment, extremely doubtful.



John Olliff, playing in the King of Sweden's Cup mixed doubles tournament at Woodcote Park, Epsom, which he won with Mrs. Peter Halford



Miss Bridget Lowther, Miss J. Falkner, and Lord St. Just, who succeeded his father in 1941



Captain G. Robarts and Lord Hillingdon, who is the third Baron



Lieut.-Col. F. Douglas-Pennant and Mr. F. E. Withington, two of the stewards

Northamptonshire



Major Victor Seely, brother of Lord Sherwood, Mrs. Seely and Mrs. Pennington



Miss Jane Findley, Miss Caroline Bury and Mrs. George Lowther



Brig. W. M. Sale, Miss Caroline Sale, the Hon. Mrs. Sale and Lady Viola Dundas

Racegoers at Towcester Meeting



Lady Pigott-Brown, widow of Sir John Pigott-Brown, and Mr. J. E. Dennis



Miss Anne Sutherland, Mrs. Bingham, her mother, Lady Peyton, and Capt. Bingham



Poet's Theme taking a fence and leading in the Heathcote Steeplechase

The Old Surrey and Burstow Point-to-Point at Gabriels Manor, Edenbridge



Viscount and Viscountess Hardinge, their daughter Gay, and Mr. D'Engelbronner



Miss Bridget Andicoe, Mrs. Woodall, Dr. E. P. Andicoe and Major Woodall



Miss Margaret Lowman, Miss Deana Lowman and Miss Jane Luxmoore



Mr. Nigel Colman, Mrs. Seymour Dalsiel and Mr. Trevor Benson



Miss Angela Bourke, Miss Patricia Chapman and Mr. F. C. Bird



Mr. Seymour Dalsiel, Miss Benson, Miss Johnson and Mr. T. H. Lloyd

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

It would be so patently absurd for the likes of us to pretend that we travelled constantly by the Golden Arrow in pre-war days, cheek by jowl with the rich and their odalisques and hangers-on, that we won't take part in the hallelujahs of some of the gossip boys greeting the re-emergence of this gaudy and celebrated train.

Nevertheless, we used the Golden Arrow more than once. It always stirred us profoundly to contemplate the wealthy trying to escape from themselves, a spectacle well worth the fare. Weeks after parting from them on the Golden Arrow one saw them lunching at, say, the Negresco, or the Réserve at Eze, with petulant discontent in their hollow eyes. For nobody loved them, abroad as at home, and the gay insouciant faces of their playthings when in brief repose showed a firm calculating line from nostril to lip. A chap we often travelled with used to try and cheer them by tapping on the restaurant window from outside and crying, like Denys of Burgundy, "Courage, cocos! Le Diable est mort!" It had little or no effect, beyond inviting a frozen glare. Alas, alas.

Footnote

There is, or was, a society of charitable intent in London called the Friends of the Poor. This same chap, arguing that the poor are notoriously God's favourites, founded a charitable society called the Friends of the Rich, about which we must tell you some day, for both its members suffered for their kindly but intemperate impulse.

Lure

CRAPULOUS, loud, oafish, spotty, sottish, and highly unattractive during their chrysalis or student stage, as everybody knows, the stethoscope boys no sooner qualify and put up a brass plate than they become, despite themselves, fatal to idle and neurotic women. Or so a Medical Correspondent coyly alleged in a Sunday paper, moralising on a recent lawsuit.

This pleasing metamorphosis has escaped the notice of Molière, Shaw, and Jules Romains, all of whose merry cracks at the Faculty of Medicine are confined exclusively to bedside matters. None of the hordes of doctors who have chucked medicine for literature, from Sir Thos. Browne to A. J. Cronin, mentions it either, though one would think the situation of an anguished M.D. so festooned with lovesick women as to be unable to prescribe even accurately would be rich in dramatic possibilities. Has it ever struck you, for example, that the General Medical Council probably knows women only from, so to speak, the inside? Any photographs of women handed up during a doctor's trial would therefore be X-ray positives, and maybe the Court would see those severe judicial eyes on the bench suddenly flame with passion.

"Good Heavens! No. 6 has a simply perfect zymosis of the vascular parabellum!"

"But see, Pillbury! No. 9 has the most ravishing epigastric nodulism you ever dreamed of!"

"Gargleton! Gargleton! Couldn't you die for a woman like No. 5, with a complete re-entrant set of traumatic cycloids?"

"Get her address, Wapshott, instantly."

"Yes, sir."

Having booked the best addresses the G.M.C. would then strike the doctor off the register and the Court would adjourn for luncheon, a chap in close touch with the Hallam Street *Vehmgericht* tells us.

Tumfest

SCOURGING the American public for devouring ice-cream with apple-pie while half Europe starves, Mr. La Guardia was plumbing a profounder issue than he knew.

Only strictly virtuous men love apple-pie and dumplings, as Coleridge discovered. Nowhere more than in the Middle West, where virtue flourishes more than anywhere else (see Sinclair Lewis, *passim*), is the cry for deep-dish apple-pie with ice-cream more loud and urgent. Deprived of this improving and symbolic food the Middle West would doubtless not take to gambling and drink and other European vices, but it might quite likely start being slightly untruthful in business. There is a famous speech by John Wilkes, M.P., that eminent moral champion and member of the Hellfire Club, made just before the American Revolution, in which Mr. Wilkes cried to the House that the Americans feared and disliked the British because the British were a corrupt and profligate race. To some extent this is still true, especially in the Babbitt Belt.

You don't become good by loving apple-pie, with or without ice-cream; you love apple-pie because you are already good. So even if the Americans laid off apple-pie for a space it would not be much use exporting it to Europe. Fancy offering a slice to the Mayor of Vienna, or Mistinguett, or the Archbishop of Florence. They wouldn't know what to do with it.

Gesture

WHAT that unknown Czech citizen hoped to gain the other day in Prague by giving the official hangman a poisoned cigarette is not clear. There is always a successor.

Nobody has ever attempted to wipe out *Monsieur de Paris*, as the French State executioner has been called for centuries. M. Deibler, who till recently filled the post, was a charming person, they say, and the pink of correctitude when officiating in his shiny topper. Similarly no one in England ever dreamed of harming Jack Ketch or his modern successors, Barrington or Pierrepont. Political annoyance is the only reasonable motive we can think of—that kind of annoyance so finely expressed in Mr. Belloc's epigram:

Here richly, with ridiculous display,

The Politician's corpse was laid away;

While all of his acquaintance sneered and slanged,
I wept; for I had longed to see him hanged.

One can conceive of a chap feeling this disappointment so deeply that it preyed on his mind and he attacked the public executioner, a functionary blameless as a dove and maybe as keen as himself on hanging the politician concerned. But the conventions must be respected, and nobody wants to see the National Union of Ropeworkers on strike for more overtime-pay. Hence the aching pathos of a popular revue-number of World War I, referring to a leading British politician of the period:

And ———, we hope,

Will get plenty of rope,

But before the clock strikes thirteen!

Just a rosy dream, though it comforted many an ardent, cockeyed warrior in the Gaiety stalls.

Contretemps

THAT unfortunate misadventure which happened the other day to one of Britain's leading pink intellectuals, who was arrested by the military police as a spy while mousing round the Russian Zone in Berlin, should serve as a warning to the Left intelligentsia to watch their step. Masses of the Comrades, who hate (as Kipling would say) the intelligentsia's essential guts, wouldn't have minded if the Russians had shot him, we guess.

This sinister fact was impressed on us years ago by a hoarse, genial, muffled comrade we met in a *distro* on the Boulevard Sebastopol in Paris. Asked how he liked his buddies, the Party's intellectuals, he jerked one hand sharply



"I say, look here—I'm challenging your right to wear that jersey. I happen to be manager of the Chedbrough Rovers . . ."



"Ready, dear?"



"Patience, sir, patience—be with you in a moment . . ."

across his throat. When the Great Night, the *Grand Soir* arrived, he said, those boys would be the first to be *zigouilles*, or tickled with a shiv. Asked why, he described those pallid, earnest thinkers in rude terms drawn from the farmyard, the sties, and the deep blue depths of Ocean. In a word, he thought the intelligentsia stank, and this view was shared apparently by 95 per cent. of Montrouge, Belleville, and the Red Zone generally. Probably it's international.

Footnote

A MIXTURE of suspicion, vexation, and envy is probably at the root of it—suspicion of those long white hands and inhuman fluting voices and roving, discontented eyes; vexation at the books on Marxist themes the intellectuals keep on writing; envy of the wild but sometimes not unattractive females who leap into and out of their sterile embraces, for the sake of the Cause, like sandfleas hopping on a beach. How different from the Primrose League ideal, as one might say.

Aesop's Fables

The Tortoise and the Seaplane

*A Seaplane, which possessed a pace
Approximating that of light,
Challenged a Tortoise to a race
From Scotland to the Isle of Wight,
Betting her fuselage (or shirt)
On what appeared to be a cert.*

*The Tortoise, who reposed much trust
In slogans like "More Haste Less S.",
Wagered her carapace or crust
That some inevitable mess
Would keep the aircraft on the deck
Or, haply, break the pilot's neck.*

*The race began at ten-fifteen.
At twenty-seven minutes past
The plane, as might have been foreseen,
Touched down at Ventnor and made fast.
The Tortoise having still to go
Some eighteen million lengths or so.*

Immoral

Aeroplanes are getting more reliable

J.R.

be it said, was far from being the bone-headed, overpowering parent of popular fiction: this long-suffering man tried hard to be understanding, and really suffered.

The Nerve

FROM a beautiful, brilliant and lovable little boy, Percy Bysshe grew up into a young man whose predicaments might be seen by the less patient as, at the outset, principally self-created. Mr. Blunden does not, in the earlier chapters, do much to bid for sympathy for him, or to differentiate him from the thousands of young men who have regarded those in authority as automatically being in the wrong. He was unhappy at his preparatory school, does not seem to have suffered seriously at Eton; and, as is generally known, was sent down from Oxford before the end of his first year for publishing a pamphlet in favour of atheism. His friend, Hogg, who had abetted him, shared this fate.

The career of a rebel, and a state of war with Field Place were thus more or less forced upon him; and the preposterously early marriage to Harriet Westbrook (his sister's sixteen-year-old schoolfellow) did not send up his shares. Up and down between England and Scotland, to and fro from Ireland, scattering pamphlets and dreaming of better worlds, the young couple roamed like a pair of babes in the wood. The trusted Hogg did not improve matters by an attempt to seduce Harriet—later, he was to attempt to seduce Mary. In his first ill-fated marriage, as in his second, Shelley had the misfortune to acquire a sister-in-law as a permanent third; Eliza Westbrook was a terror. Shelley's relations with Harriet, as Mr. Blunden says, are really the key-mystery of his human (as opposed to his poetic) life. Outwardly, in his desertion of Harriet for Mary Godwin, Shelley was guilty of gross cruelty. Mr. Blunden deals with this first marriage, and its end, with perspicacity, delicacy and fairness.

Elopement with Mary, daughter of the revered Godwin, saddled Shelley, up to the

(Concluded on page 156)



Princess Elizabeth's Lady-in-Waiting Engaged to the Queen's Nephew

The engagement has been announced between the Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs and Capt. the Hon. Andrew Elphinstone. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Hambro, of Milton Abbas, Dorset, and the widow of Capt. the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, who was killed in action in 1944, and has a daughter, Jennifer Susan, born in that year. Her fiancé is the younger son of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, of Carberry Tower, Musselburgh, and a nephew of H.M. the Queen

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

"Shelley: A Life Story"

"Birds in Colour"

"Fallen Angel"

Legend

"SHELLEY: A LIFE STORY," by Edmund Blunden (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is a book intended, its author tells us, less for the long-standing Shelleyan than for the general reader. As biography, it is not the first of its kind: Mr. Blunden mentions three standard works—Edward Dowden's, published in England in 1886; and Walter Peck's and Newman I. White's, both American and of our century. One also remembers Andre Maurois' delightful if frivolous *Ariel*, product of France. Shelley, of all English poets, perhaps of all poets, appeals most, as a figure, to the imagination. This appeal has had some unhappy results—a haze of legend, a thicket of unverifiable stories, interpose between Shelley and those who seek the real man. In his lifetime, Shelley liked and became surrounded by adventurous, fantastic or unusual types who, after his death, were to show themselves to be temperamental drawers of the long bow. "Medwin, Trelawny, even Peacock," says Mr. Blunden, "among the most deliberate of Shelley's early biographers need to be watched with some nicety, and Hogg must be read with the proviso that he fancied himself as a novelist in the old school of comic extravagance."

There has been a tendency—prominent, I am afraid, in *Ariel*—to stress the exterior comedies of this poet's life, and to ignore the fact that they were not comic for him. The crooks and phoneyes who sprang up about his path, the deceptions to which his idealism exposed him, the bizarre situations in which he became involved, are all godsend to the amusing-mischiefous writer—and there is an extra temptation to trade these to a public that prefers its geniuses funny. Shelley has more than been overdrawn: there has come to be made of him a fallacious prototype for succeeding poets. In dispelling this nonsense, with its insidious charm, Mr. Blunden does us a service: he has sifted down to the bottom all the "good" Shelley stories, and has included none that would not bear that. He gives us nothing that has not a verifiable source. His task has not been made easier by the numerous forgeries circulating, he tells us, as Shelley papers.

Genius

Is this Blunden Shelley the duller for being true? Emphatically not. Mr. Blunden would be unlikely to give us a dull book. And

apart from that, I should defy any biographer who showed Shelley at all to make Shelley dull. In nine cases out of ten I hesitate to believe that truth is stranger than fiction—but this is the tenth case. Shelley was odder, more unpredictable, for the simple reason that he was greater, than the most inventive of his admirers could conceive. His motives were of an astounding simplicity; continuity—that of expanding genius and of an indefatigable pursuit of truth—ran through his baffling changes of mood and will. Not everything is capable of being explained—sometimes Shelley, like the Shakespeare of Matthew Arnold's sonnet, soars up like a mountain out of our view.

He was, as we know, the child of a long line: Shelleys are heard of in Sussex onward from the fifteenth century: a John Shelley was M.P. for Rye in 1415. A baronetcy dates from 1611. Our own Shelley's grandfather, Bysshe, was, actually, of a cadet branch: his father, described as "a merchant," had removed to America in the eighteenth century. Bysshe Shelley returned from America, when he was still young: he built up a fortune, married an heiress, and was created a baronet. Both Sir Bysshe and his son, Timothy (the poet's father), played a respectable part in Whig politics: some advancement may have been owed to the interest of their neighbour, the Duke of Norfolk—the Duke, we learn, extended his good offices by attempting to reason with Timothy's difficult son and heir.

No, nothing was wrong with the setting: Percy Bysshe was born, at Field Place, near Horsham, on August 4th, 1792, to position, the considerable affluence of long-landed stock, and liberal, charming, country family life. The pretty group of sisters who followed him into the world adored him. As to the character of his mother (née Elizabeth Pilfold) I regret that Mr. Blunden is not able to tell us more—as mother both of a genius and of a man in whose life idealised feeling for women played such a part, Elizabeth Shelley could have been interesting. Sir Bysshe, the grandfather of whom our poet said, "I regarded him as a curse upon society," was a man of character and high voltage: he seems to have regarded his grandson with that twinkling sympathy that the unregenerate old do often give the turbulent young. It must, at all events, have been less trying to be Percy Bysshe's grandfather than his father. And Timothy Shelley,



Southworth — Tree

Major W. Ralph Southworth, R.A., third son of the late Mr. W. Southworth, and of Mrs. Southworth, of Oak House, Clitheroe, Lancs, married Mrs. Margaret Tree, widow of P/O. Tree, and daughter of Sir Basil and Lady Clarke, at St. Saviour's, Wallon Street



Mucklow — Fea

Capt. Antony T. Mucklow, R.M., son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. Mucklow, of Lindale, Haslemere, Surrey, married Miss Moyra Fea, 3rd/O., W.R.N.S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Fea, of Carnoch House, Glencoe, at St. Mary's, Glencoe, Argyllshire



Rose Price — Butler

Lieut.-Col. Robert Caradoc Rose Price, Welsh Guards, elder son of Brig.-General and Mrs. T. Rose Price, married the Hon. Maureen Butler, second daughter of the late Lord Dunboyne, and of Lady Dunboyne, of 36, Ormonde Gate, S.W., at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Fox — Bell

Major Joseph E. Fox, R.A., son of Mr. E. R. Fox, of Buenos Aires, married Miss June Henrietta Morton Bell, daughter of Mr. Harry Bell, of Shanghai, and of Mrs. Doris Bell, of London, at St. Luke's, Redcliffe Square



Lemieux — Peacock

Lieut. Victor Lemieux, 10th Royal Hussars, son of Mrs. Rupert Cooke and stepson of Mr. Rupert Cooke, of Broom Hall, Sunningdale, Berks, married Miss Judy Peacock, daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Peacock, of Bodins Ride, Ascot, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Kidston — Manners

Mr. John Bonham Kidston, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Kidston, of Hazelbury Manor, Box, Wilts, married the Hon. Patricia Anne Manners, daughter of Lord and Lady Manners, of Tyrrell's Ford, Christchurch, Hants, at St. Michael and All Angels', Sopley, Hants



Lewis — Hunt

Mr. Alfred George Lewis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Lewis, of Ruislip Manor, married Miss Daye Neville Hunt, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Hunt, of Bombay and Cagnes-sur-Mer, at All Saints', Putnam



Brenard — Digby Johnson

S/Ldr. W. A. Brenard, R.A.F., younger son of Mrs. and Mr. R. Brenard, of Worth Park, Crawley, Sussex, married Miss Coral Ailsha Digby Johnson, elder daughter of Air Commodore and Mrs. E. Digby Johnson, of White House, Worth Park, Crawley, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Grayson — Blackmore

Lieut. Ambrose G. W. Grayson, R.N., only son of the late Cdr. and Mrs. Godfrey Grayson, of Rutland Court, S.W., married Miss Joan Gordon Blackmore, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Blackmore, of Johannesburg, S. Africa, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Number 7

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FLOWERS THAT BLOOM . . .

With Spring this year comes the good news that once again grey jersey is in the shops. The dress on the right is a Jersey de Luxe model made by W. and O. Marcus; below is a jumper suit made by Bery. Both are essentially practical, and any woman possessing either will find it an indispensable stand-by. Both dress and jumper suit are on sale at Simpson's, Piccadilly

Photographs by Peter Clark



New faces to match new Spring frocks are on sale at the Anne French Salon at Standbrook House, 2, Old Bond Street. For half a guinea there is a special half-hour treatment guaranteed to put new vitality and the soft glow of health into winter-worn faces. After a thorough cleansing the skin is lightly manipulated and massaged; a really professional make-up follows

Jean Lorimer's Page



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Regd.



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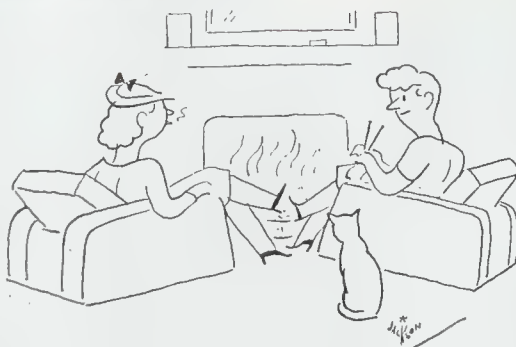
CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THAT monthly 4 cwt. of coal, which is our due but which doesn't always materialize; offal, also our due, but which is "off" the butcher's bench before it is "on"—these small frustrations annoy us far more deeply than the bigger ones ever do. They make us feel that the Piping Days of Peace piped down on us before, so to speak, they had properly begun to pipe up. No wonder "bad manners" are abroad in the land and the first emotional reaction to a crowded queue is that every face in it looks revolting. For always it is the Little Things which irritate us out of all proportion to their value in "sin." A good flare-up between people can often clear the air, but the habit of playing five-finger exercises on the tablecloth can at moments fill the atmosphere with murder.

It must always be difficult really to love one who blows his nose like a trumpet, and the over-fussy wife can quite easily convince her husband that they manage women much better in the Far East. Probably it is easier to forgive infidelity than an incessant urge to pick the teeth; while a minor criminal in the house must be more cosy to live with than one who flies-off-the-handle at a touch. A perpetual cough can be the death of passion, and romance shaken by snores. Until-death-part-us may be taken banner aloft during a period of misfortune, but the vow wobbles fearfully when the intake of soup is always accompanied by suction noises. It is not easy to remember that love-is-all when the loved one seems to spend the entire winter evening yawning and poking the fire. And a merry drunkard is less of a trial than one who always "natters" in the wrong place and at the wrong time. To know your irritating habits is therefore far wiser than to "Know Thy Innermost Self"; at least, so far as domestic bliss is concerned.

Nevertheless, the strange fact is that most people resent having their more trivial idiosyncrasies pointed out to them more than ever they resent their vices. A woman who can support being told she's a hussy will flounce out of the room in a transcendent "huff" on



"I've left John at home, stuck in front of the fire as usual"

being asked "Must you?" when she has powdered her face for the tenth time within an hour. And the re-teller of the self-same story feels insulted when informed that his repertory of "funny yarns" is not only threadbare but monotonous.

In love and boredom the accumulation of Little Things is more important than the Big Things ever are. The hat hanging in the hall, possessed by one recently dead, is more poignant than the memory of his presence in the church choir. And a woman truly in love is far more elated by a sudden and unexpected act of tenderness than ever she is by the present of an expensive necklace dumped into her hand.

Politeness of the mind is more important than a knowledge of party manners. That is why the things which irritate most are not usually in themselves worthy of a domestic rumpus. Therein lies their devastating quality. So if, in life together, one keeps guard on the minor irritations, the flare-ups can safely be left to look after themselves.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing **BOOKS**

(Continued from page 151)

day of his death, with dealings with the philosopher-crook who had once been his intellectual idol, Godwin's "cool beastliness" to the distracted poet is detailed by Mr. Blunden. Neither Shelley nor Mary, "advanced" though they truly were, enjoyed the scandal attendant on their unmarried state; release from this into marriage was only gained by the blazoned-out tragedy of Harriet's suicide. Claire Clairmont, that infinitely tiresome girl, succeeded to Eliza Westbrook's place as reigning sister-in-law, and promptly involved Shelley in difficulties with Byron. Claire made after Byron and had a child by him; interminable negotiations as to Allegra's future were left on the unfortunate Shelley's hands.

Writing his poem "Julian and Maddalo," Shelley put these lines into a madman's mouth:

Me—who am as a nerve o'er which do creep

The else unfelt oppressions of this earth . . .

Did he, Mr. Blunden wonders, speak for and of himself? For, the domestic and money worries that nagged at Shelley were to be nothing, as he grew older, to the inscrutable tempests, the apprehensions of cosmic injustice and evil, that shook his soul. Genius is, I believe, a sort of receiving station; involuntarily, the poet is prophet, too. To Shelley, the world around him looked gross and grim: it is nothing to the world we have seen today. Did he feel in his being not only past but future? This strange, saintlike, faulty young denouncer of Christianity was one of those rare humans, one may imagine, who would have readily died to redeem mankind.

Mr. Blunden's *Shelley* is, as it claims to be, a life-story, not an analysis of the poetry. But the poetic life-current is to be felt. Shelley's relations with his fellow-poets, Byron and Keats, and with successive groups of friends abroad and in England, have been admirably portrayed. The Italian years, with their steady creative growth, are perhaps the most stirring part of the book. The emotional effect of the whole—on me, at least—was immense; one can still shed tears because Shelley died.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Opposition

ALTHOUGH I believe that the present Government is ruining British civil aviation, and although I am sure that its measures will reduce British civil aviation to a tenth-rate position in the world, I also note that the opposition to the Government's nationalization and nazification schemes is weak. The Opposition is so imbued with the axiom that it must oppose, that it has forgotten that there must be reasons for opposing. It opposes without always finding the reasons for its opposition. In aviation it has a difficult task to find those reasons. It believes in private enterprise; but it dare not advocate the handing over of all British civil aviation to private enterprise because it remembers past events.

In the past, aviation has been too ready to yell for aid from public funds. Subsidization has been its trouble. It found subsidization pleasing and profitable. It removed some of the hazards and some of the responsibilities. It led to a comparatively quiet life.

Paying the Piper

BUT if the tax-payer must support the air lines, the tax-payer has a right to control them. And the tax-payer is ill-informed enough to think that when a concern is run by the State, he does control it. The truth is that he exercises far less control over it than when it is run by private enterprise. There is the Opposition's dilemma. It believes in private enterprise, but it dare not advocate it in aviation because it remembers that private enterprise could not get along before the war without public help. Yet it does not like State ownership. It is left without a practical alternative.

It has always been my view that private enterprise is the right thing for British civil aviation and I advocate it to the limit. That is to say, I believe that if an air line cannot be made to pay, it should close down. I see no justification other than a military one, for running subsidized air lines. State ownership and subsidization are really militarization. There is a sinister passage in the Civil Aviation Bill which reveals this to those who remember their aeronautical history. It shows that preference is to be given to the Service outlook in civil aviation. State ownership, as I have always said, is militarization. We shall not get a genuine civil aviation out of the three State Corporations; we shall get a more or less concealed strategical development.

Why Fly

THE trouble with the Opposition is that it dislikes advocating something that would inevitably, for a time, lead to a reduction in the number of British air lines. It fears that the removal of Treasury subsidies would shut down some of the Dominion air links. It is probably right. But here it should stand firmly on principle. If those lines are not indeed of value to travellers or traders, they have no real purpose unless it be military. In that event, they can and should be run by Transport Command of the Royal Air Force. There is then no camouflage; no pretence that they are "commercial" lines, and Transport Command gets useful exercise.

So my plan for the Opposition is a bold one. It is to argue that Britain is too poor to spend money on subsidizing civil aviation. Civil aviation must be left to private enterprise. Where it cannot be made to pay, it must be allowed to fail just like other private enterprises. There must be no calling for the tax-payer's aid. And where there are routes which, for prestige and strategical purposes (which are nearly the same thing) must be continued although they do not pay, Transport Command be called in to run them. That is the honest way of doing it. It also happens to be the efficient way. And, although I wish the Opposition well, I do not think that they need waste time in opposing the Government's civil aviation measures, unless they are ready to adopt that bolder policy.

Light Aircraft

NEWS continues to come in from France about new light aeroplanes. The French are working hard to develop these machines. I have now a dossier giving details of about a dozen well-found, good-looking, little two-, three- and four-seaters. In fact, the only opposition to the French progress in this direction comes from America. And it begins to look as if America is going to be behind France in some respects in getting these little, cheap aircraft on to the market.

Meanwhile, there is work going ahead in Britain, though it has not yet been publicised. I know of one aircraft which may be a match for anything the Americans or the French are building. It may be cheap, easy to fly, and safe. But it is as yet too early to offer a final judgment upon it. A good deal of flying experience will have to be accumulated first.

Biggest

NEWS of the Nene, latest of the Rolls-Royce River-class turbo-jets, first came out at the time of the Farnborough exhibition some months ago. Then just before Easter the details were released. The staggering thrust of 5,000 lb. is developed by the Nene; 1,000 lb. more than the speed record Derwent V. And more is to come. Already a maximum thrust a good deal higher than 5,000 lb. has been obtained, and development continues. The Nene has a double-sided compressor (wherein it differs from another famous British jet unit) and an axial flow turbine. Equivalent horse-power at 600 miles an hour is the staggering figure of 15,000. Speed, by the way, must be quoted if horse-power equivalents to jet thrust are being given.



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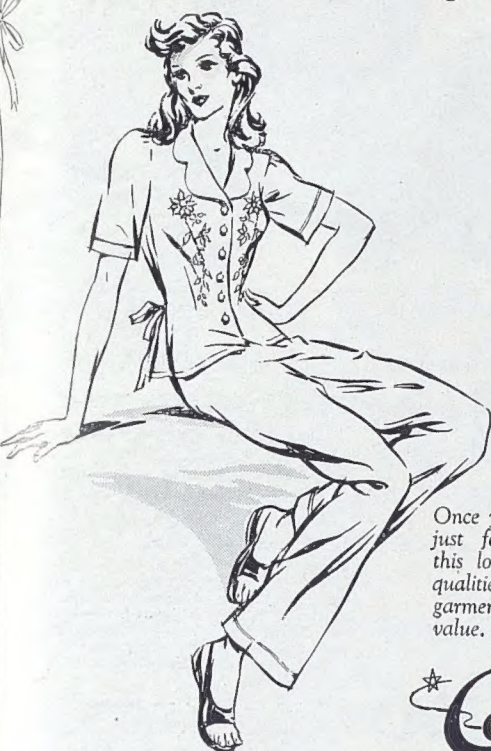


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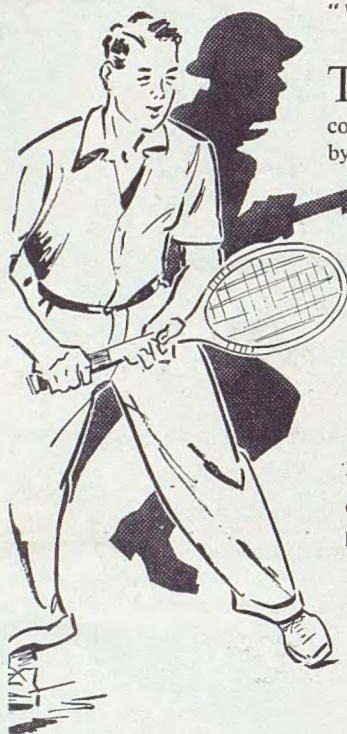
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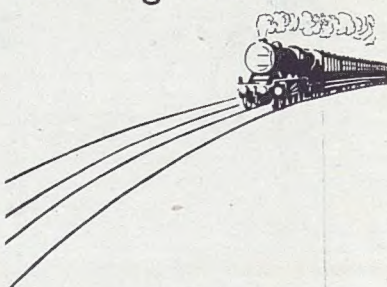
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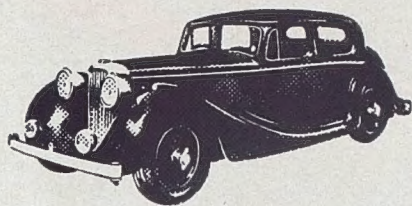
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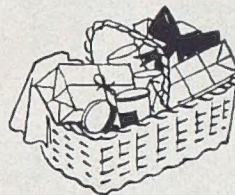
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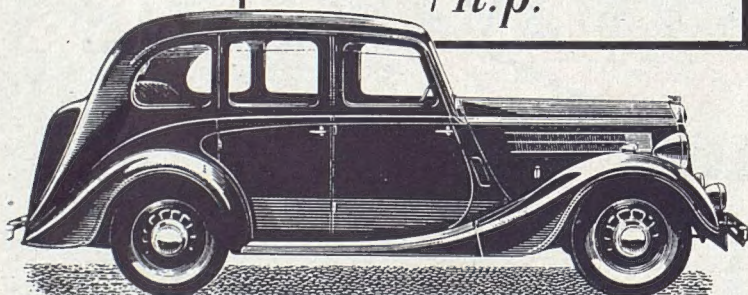
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